April. 16. 1846. New York.

Dear friend & brother

I have just read your missive from Paradise dated Jan. 12. with a truly thankful heart that your life has been spared to reach port and be well there. You say you have not rec'd letters yet. There are, I dont know how many, on their way, to what may really be called with propriety, their long home; a few of them perhaps are like like their mutter, somewhat unwilling to enter Paradise: yet they will all be receiving, and not improbably — "the last, first & the first last." The Yelm has delayed its sailing until the 1st May and some may very well reach you before this leaves. How much like speaking over against a wall of rocks it is! You speak a number of different words, of different sound & sense, and send them on their errand one after the other — and while the last is uttering, the answer of the first returns, — and its just a chance, if they dont make discord. You are kind to indulge my hobby and talk about the rocks. That recession of the sea, took place in the great earthquake of a few years back, and as you sail along the coast you may observe it for 500 miles. It seems to us a mighty movement; but a moments reflection upon the supposed thickness of the crust & the scale proportion of the 4 ft rise to the 500 miles length, or 4000 miles earth radius will convince us of its infinitesimal value, and cause us to wonder at the power & goodness of the Lord whose providential watchfulness & stability of purposes & accuracy of operations, alone prevents the "accidental" submergence or upheave of 4 miles, instead of 4 feet of terra firma, leaving us & our habitations either at the bottom of the ocean, or in the regions of perpetual snow. An instance of his retributive justice, very affecting, has lately occurred.

A sailor has come on shore, three days ago, and tells this story. Many years back he was Captain of a ship and fell in with a boat, from which he took 7 men in a dying condition. They told him of their comrades in another boat, and

pointed out the direction in which they supposed them to be. All the rest of the day he sailed in that direction; night closed in & still no boat; at last the sun lit up one little cloud, and its bright reflexion struck the quiet water just where the lost boat lay. Out of it they took 13 others in a similar condition, and brought the whole to land. A week or two ago, this captain & his crew lay in boats upon the open sea, starving & in despair, were seen, picked up, & saved. He is now seeking the salvation of his soul from the hands of that same God who kindly made him instrument of saving the lives of others in order to pay him in kind. This seems to me beautiful. It is enough to make one cheery and happy, however gloomy his nature may be. There is so much holy poetry, heavenly romance in it. Doesnt it strike you so? And thus the good is the beautiful's palace.

It's now 8 o'c. and I have not yet gone up to supper. I lost an hour in attending to a case of real sympathy this afternoon. Passing down Nassau Street, I met coming up, a German woman & three children; the oldest a boy of 15, idiotic, lame & blind. I followed them some distance commiserating the poor boy's efforts to get along, and made some inquiries about them. They had been turned out by some brute of a landlord and were seeking shelter in the almshouse. Poor the boy gave quite out, at the corner of Nassau, opposite the Tract House. I went to the poor house com.r & then to the police office, and after much difficulty got them in charge of the proper hands. They couldn't say a word of English. What a joy it is to be such a case to make one's little human office in protecting & encouraging these poor outcasts. One mind of heartiness will fill them with happy & grateful emotions.

Caroline seems to be very happy in her new abode and I hope all your wishes may be fulfilled in its furnishing her inquiring and thoughtful mind with an abundance of new topics of interest. She permits me to write her occasionally, but I am so occupied that I cannot as often as I would to any of my friends. The Society has just decided upon a bold step. Mr Lanahan who has had the printing there 20 years, can not afford to print cheaply because unable to procure the newest style of presses. We will therefore erect a small building on the lot, behind the T. House, and print ourselves, as the Bible Soc. are doing. It is delightful to see their new 3 adams & 3 rotary presses all working together in one room, and casting off so many copies of the Word of God. (They elected Judge McLean pres:—who declined bec. of sup. bench etc. Dr. Duff & Annin cands, and they then unanimously elected Mr Frelinghuysen, who will perhaps accept & drop either the ~~Bible~~ For. Bread, or Tract Soc.—perhaps.) Our numerous calls must be done nicely & we can't get them done so unless we do it ourselves. Our collections are increasing in Wn every month and 200 will be at work this year, if God will. This work David expands so before me—I sometimes have such glowing views of its action & results, that my heart seems swelling beyond the bounds with unknown energy & expectations. I have been studying reports, embodying statistics, numbering up revivals, conversions, the books & tracts distributed, the Countries & States supplied & still to be supplied, until I have got to see much that is before us. If I live, I hope to do great things. If I die great things will still be done and I not be missed. Glory to God in the highest; peace to men thro' Christ.

Vita

April '46